



Another curiosity is a fine Conscience-Looking-glass, which was made, they tell me, by the sagacious Mr. *Flatter-nones*. This is really a very valuable curiosity; for whoever looks in it will see themselves exactly as they are when they are affected by any particular passion or propensity, whether good or bad, to which they are more remarkably subject. Thus, for instance, if the handsome Miss *Fury* should ever happen to place herself before it, tho' she is reckoned, to be sure, a very pretty girl,

girl, when she is pleased, her cheeks would immediately appear to be red and swollen, her eyes all wild and fiery, and her lips pale and trembling. On the other hand, if little *Nancy Gentle* should ever look into it (though she is despised by some as a very ordinary child, and, indeed, hath but a very middling share of beauty) then the case would be altered. Her cheeks would be instantly covered with a modest blush, and appear to be adorned with the most lovely little dimples in the world: her eyes would be kind and lively, and her cherry lips would form the sweetest and the most engaging smile imaginable. But if *Dick Gussle* were to view himself in the glass, he would be ashamed to own himself. His head would loll to one side, his lips appear blubbered and watery, his cheeks bloated as if he had the dropsy, and his eyes heavy and stupid, as if he were but just risen out of his grave, or had lost himself in a wood. In short, there are few people who could look in it without finding themselves altered (and that surprizingly